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DENISON'S BLACKFACE SERIES



A Black Recruit



T.S.DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

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ing the wild doughnut in its native jungle.

THE BLACK VAMP

By Arthur LeRoy Kaser; 2 males, 2 females. Time, 15 minutes. Sam thought his wife didn't appreciate him, so he got his friend Phil to impersonate a dusky vampire, to liven things up. He livened things up, all right. Chance for song-and-dance specialties. The two female parts can be doubled by one player.

MY OLD MAN'S SICK

Darky monologue, by Arthur LeRoy Kaser; 1 male. Time, 10 minutes. Mrs. Sam Johnsing, wash-lady, consults the doctor about her husband's health. From her report, Sam is about as susceptible to disease as a hunk of scrap-iron. A riot of fun.

COON CREEK COURTSHIP

Sketch, by O. E. Young; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. The stumbling, ludicrous attempts of bashful Johnnie Overalls in asking Sallie Grindstone to become his wife and the ridiculous coaching of the persistent darky maiden will cause no end of merriment. It is as lively as it is funny. Easy for amateur comedians.

k-Face Series

ents Each, Postpaid

ORNIN', JUDGE

by Harry L. Newton; 9 males, 15 minutes. Scene: A police dispensation of justice, perhaps a scene, yet of a brand that will be a comical collection of colored people, who wants a divorce because of a scream.

RAZORS FIRST

John E. Lawrence; 2 males. A comedy talking act that does not depend on the dialogue alone, but is a comedy and has an unusually funny musical interludes. Can close with song.

HUNGRY!

by Harry L. Newton; 2 males. A hungry darky meets a friend who says, "Eats." Instead of having his food, he has it stimulated by a roasted chicken and tales of hunting.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

A BLACK RECRUIT

A DARKY SKIT

BY

ARTHUR LEROY KASER

AUTHOR OF

"The Black Vamp," "The Filming of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'," "Hiram Blows In," "Have a Pill," "I'm a Nut," "Levi's Troubles," "The Mysterious Suitcase," "Wait a Minute," "What Can You Do?" "Alabama Minstrel First-Part," etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

A BLACK RECRUIT

CHARACTERS.

SERGEANT WISE.....*Who Knows It All*
SAM OILCAN.....*The New Recruit*

SCENE—*A Recruit Camp.*

TIME—*Right After Enlisting.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Fifteen Minutes.*

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

Both characters are made up as darkies, with minstrel black and negro wigs. SERGEANT wears a uniform, which may be as grotesque as desired. He is lazy at first, but when instructing SAM he is bullying and domineering. SAM is slow in speech, action and thought. He wears dilapidated civilian clothes. The only property required is a "rifle" with a flexible barrel made of a piece of garden hose.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

Up stage means away from footlights; *down stage*, near footlights. In the use of *right* and *left*, the actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

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MADE IN U. S. A.

A BLACK RECRUIT

SCENE: *The setting may represent an encampment, or any wooded landscape, if scenery is used. But the act may be presented anywhere, without any scenery whatever.*

AT RISE: SERGEANT *stands leaning on his rifle, half-asleep.*

VOICE (*from off stage, left*). Hey, Sergeant, I'm sending a new recruit down there for you to put in shape. Understand?

SERGEANT (*drops rifle to floor and salutes*). Yes, suh, Mista Captain. (*Soliloquizing.*) Dis man's army am 'nough to kill a mule. Ebery time I gits a chance to do nothin' I got to do somethin'. When I ain't marchin' I is markin' time, an' when I ain't markin' time I's doin' double time, an' when I ain't doin' double time I's doin' time in de gua'dhouse.

SAM *shuffles on, timidly, from left.*

SAM. Dat man what am all dressed up like a Christmas tree done tol' me dat you was de sturgeon.

SERGEANT. Dat I were de what was it?

SAM. De sturgeon.

SERGEANT. Look heah, big boy! You might jest as well un'erstan' now as nebermo', dat I ain't no sturgeon. A sturgeon am a bird what sticks its head in de groun' an' whistles wid its tail, an' I ain't no sturgeon. I is de sergeant. De sergeant! I is de whole cheese! Un'erstan' dat? De whole cheese! I is a reg'lar hunk ob cheese, I is! (*SAM, much impressed, nods and blinks repeatedly.*) Now, what dis heah sergeant wants to know am dis, what am yo' name?

SAM (*meekly*). Mah name am Mista Sam-u-el Cleopatra Oilcan.

SERGEANT. Samule Cleo—Cleo—(*gives it up*). An'

you been carryin' dat name 'round all yo' life? Dat's awful. But from now on past, you ain't goin' to be no "Mista" no mo'. You is jest, plain, Private Oilcan. Jest a common, eberyday, buck private. What was you 'fore you done got in de army?

SAM. I were happy.

SERGEANT. Well, you ain't goin' to be happy no mo'. You is goin' to be a soldier, an' I is goin' to train you. I'se a soldier trainer, I is. I'se a reg'lar lion trainer, I is!

SAM. You is a lion trainer?

SERGEANT (*emphatically*). Dat's what I said. I'se a hard-b'iled lion trainer, I is!

SAM. You's a lyin' son-ob-a-gun!

SERGEANT (*angry*). What's dat? What's dat you say?

SAM. I said, I'd like to be tryin' dat gun, I did.

SERGEANT. When I says you try dat gun, you try it, an' not afore. 'Member, I is de boss. Is you done made up yo' mind to be a good soldier?

SAM. Course I is.

SERGEANT. Is you patriotical?

SAM. Course I's patriotical. I's so patriotical I don' wear nothin' but a union suit.

SERGEANT. Ef yo' done seed de emeny comin', would you-all run or would you foller me?

SAM. I'd do both.

SERGEANT. Was yo' pappy a soldier?

SAM. Yes, suh, one time he was. Den he was demoted as a spy in de 'Nited States mint.

SERGEANT. Am dat a fac'?

SAM. Dat am a fac'. He were a reg'lar mince pie.

SERGEANT. Den yo' pappy were in de army. Were he in any battles?

SAM. Mah pappy were in de battle ob Cow's Hurry Up. He was dere wid Bull Durham.

SERGEANT. What was de name ob de outfit?

SAM. He was a minute man in de Sixty Second Rij'-ment. He done saved de whole rij'ment from bein' killed.

SERGEANT. How come?

SAM. He killed de cook. Den he got bofe legs shotted off an' laid down his arms.

SERGEANT. De fust thing what you is goin' to do am to learn how to stan' at 'tention. Now den, put yo' heels togedder an' stan' straight. (*SAM endeavors to obey, but is very awkward.*) Now, when I says "At ease," you stan' jest natural-like. At ease! (*SAM relaxes so much that he nearly falls.*) 'Tention! (*SAM stands at attention, but forgets to place feet correctly.*) Does yo' heah what I says? I said "'Tention!"

SAM. Ain't I 'tention?

SERGEANT. You is 'tention from yo' knees up, but from yo' knees down you is p'rade rest.

SAM. What's de matta wid mah feet, huh?

SERGEANT. You done got 'em too close to de groun'.

SAM. Dey're mah feets, ain't dey?

SERGEANT. Course dey is yo' feets.

SAM. Dey're un'er me, ain't dey?

SERGEANT. Course dey is un'er you.

SAM. I'se on top ob dem, ain't I?

SERGEANT. Course you is on top ob dem. But ef all de men in de army done hab feets as big as dem, dey could only git two men in a squad. Now, git dem feets togedder. (*SAM pulls feet in position.*) Now de nex' thing am to learn how to s'lute. Brung yo' hand up to yo' face like dis. (*Shows SAM how to salute. SAM brings thumb up to nose.*) Heah, where you git dat stuff? Put yo' fumb pellerel wid de finga's, an' brung dem up to de right eye-brow. (*SAM does so, but does not get the elbow in correct position.*) Now, dat's better. Bend de elbow at a right angle ob fo'ty-five degrees in de shade. Dat's right. Now, brung de hand down wid a snap. (*SAM jerks hand down and snaps fingers.*) Say, Oilcan, you think you am shootin' a seben? Dis ain't no crap game. Try dat again. (*SAM brings arm down without snapping finger, but is very clumsy.*) You done got in de wrong branch ob de service, Oilcan, I can see dat.

SAM. What yo' mean, de wrong branch? What am dis, a tree?

SERGEANT. It might be a tree. Yo' can *bark* aroun', but yo' can't *leave* right away. Yo' oughter be in de aviation.

SAM. Why fo'?

SERGEANT. Yo' oughter be in de aviation, 'cause I can see dat yo' ain't goin' to be no good on earth. Was yo' eber 'round where dere was any bullets flyin'?

SAM. I was, once, when a crazy man started shootin'.

SERGEANT. Did you run?

SAM. I didn't 'zactly run, but I done passed some folks what *was* runnin'.

SERGEANT. Den yo' didn't get hit in de frackus?

SAM. It all happened in de alley.

SERGEANT. I mean dat yo' didn't git hit.

SAM. I didn't git hit, but I done heerd dat bullet two times.

SERGEANT. How you-all heerd dat bullet two times?

SAM. I done heerd dat bullet when de bullet passed me, an' den I heerd it ag'in when I passed de bullet.

SERGEANT. Den you run?

SAM. Jest a little; jest a little.

SERGEANT. You-all know what you is?

SAM. What I is?

SERGEANT. You is a coward, dat's what you is!

SAM (*threateningly*). You call me a coward? You done say dat ag'in an' I'll knock yo' down.

SERGEANT (*haughtily*). Well, den; jest consider dat I said it again.

SAM (*calmly*). All right, den; jest consider yo'self knocked down.

SERGEANT (*looking off left*). De Captain am lookin' dis way. Get dat gun an' start something.

SAM (*gets gun from floor*). If I starts anything, nobody but me is goin' to finish it. If a war broke out I wouldn't be no good, no-how.

SERGEANT. What's de matta? Am yo' feet flat?

SAM. No, but dey gits cold awful easy. If a war done

busted out I wouldn't be no good, 'cause my eyes ain't much good. Dey am short-sighted.

SERGEANT. Dat don't make no never-mind. If you can't see very far dey'll put yo' in de front line trench, an' you won't have to look so far. Now you got de gun, put it like dis. (*Shows SAM how to stand at attention with rifle.*) Now, when I says "Right shoulder arms," you frow it ober yo' right shoulder. Un'erstan'? (*SAM nods and blinks.*) All right, den. Right shoulderrr—arms! (*SAM jerks rifle from floor and throws it clear over his head, and it lands on the floor behind him.*) Say, what de—What you think dis am, a football game? You don' frow de gun at de emeny.

SAM. You done said to frow it ober my shoulder, didn't you?

SERGEANT (*angrily*). I got a notion to bust you in de eye.

SAM. Man, dat notion am liable to be yo' downfall!

SERGEANT. Say, Oilcan, look heah, yo' common, ordinary, onery, buck private—does you-all know who you is talkin' to, huh?

SAM. I'm talkin' to a black bunch ob nothin'. Dat's what I'm talkin' to.

SERGEANT. I has fully made up my mind to bust you in de eye.

SAM. You try bustin' me in de eye, an' when de roll am called in de mornin', you is goin' to be (*significantly*) absent widout leave. (*SERGEANT starts toward him.*) Stay 'way from me, nigga. I'm a-warnin' you!

SERGEANT. I'm goin' to mop up de groun' wid you!

SAM. You start any moppin' 'round heah, an' you is goin' to slip on de soap an' bust yo' nut! (*SAM recovers rifle.*)

SERGEANT (*threateningly*). If dere am any word you wants to leave fo' yo' fam'ly 'fore I starts in, you better say it now. (*Reaches out for SAM. SAM hits SERGEANT over head with rifle barrel, knocking him to a sitting position on floor, where SERGEANT sits rubbing his head. SAM starts to*

exit right.) You—you dog-gone black debbil! You is goin' to get shot in de mornin' when de sun comes up!

SAM (*turning*). You dog-gone imitation ob a soldier, when de sun comes up in de mornin' I'm goin' to be way down in Honolulu! (*Exits quickly, right, followed by SERGEANT.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

Denison's Black-Face Series

Price, 25 Cents Each, Postpaid

A DARK SECRET

Colored farce of mystery, by Jeff Branen; 4 males, 1 female. Time, 30 minutes. This screaming story of the adventure of a negro detective and his dusky assistant has made thousands roar when presented on the professional stage, and is now available in print for amateurs everywhere. Three characters are white-face.

THE BOOSTER CLUB OF BLACKVILLE

A colored comedy concoction, by Harry L. Newton; 10 minutes. Time, 25 minutes. A political burlesque with the funniest negro cast of characters imaginable. They are all running for some kind of an office; judge, chicken inspector, razor inspector, crap game inspector, etc. Particularly suitable for a minstrel afterpiece.

A HENPECKED COON

Darky monologue, by Arthur LeRoy Kaser; 1 male. Time, 10 minutes. Ephraeus is unpleasantly aware of the fact that he has a wife, and he appeals to all married men for sympathy. The recital of his grievances against his better half is just one laugh after another.

AXIN' HER FATHER

Farce, by O. E. Young; 2 males, 3 females. Time, 25 minutes. Old Peppercorn, very deaf, has three daughters, Priscilla, Pamela and Polly. Augustus, Priscilla's suitor, attempts to ask the old man for permission to marry her. Peppercorn, failing to understand him, and thinking he is insulted, begins the fun. The excitement multiplies with each succeeding incident.

WHAT YOU GOT?

Blackface comedy act, by Wade Stratton; 2 males. Time, 15 minutes. Julius, a "cullud gem'man," is curious about the contents of Billius' jug. His curiosity costs him "fo' bits foh one li'l' measly shot" and the discovery that Billius has been trying it on the dog.

ONE HAMBONE FOR TWO

Controversial talking act, by Arthur LeRoy Kaser; 2 females. Time, 10 minutes. Two "cullud" ladies engage in a polite duel for the heart and hand of one Hambone Johnson. Miss Dingleberry, who puts on airs, is sure of her conquest, but it takes Miss Wringer, the lowly laundress, to bring home the bacon—not to mention the ham!



T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago



Ready-Made Minstrel First-Parts

A choice of five complete routines, expertly arranged and ready to use, for the convenience of inexperienced amateur minstrel directors and others seeking a modern, properly constructed first-part. Instead of being a volume of miscellaneous crossfire from which to pick and choose, each book gives an exact procedure to be followed in staging a sure-fire first-part—complete dialogue and full instructions for action and stage business from rise of curtain to grand finale.

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Darktown Minstrel First-Part, by Wade Stratton.....Price, 25 Cents.

When Cork Is King

By WADE STRATTON. A rich store of bright, snappy material for building up a minstrel show and affording lively chatter for first-part and olio. Conveniently arranged with subdivisions under which are assorted first-part cross fire, end gags and comebacks; end jokes for female minstrels; minstrel miscellany including verses, conundrums and short bits of catchy humor; seven dandy monologues; three fast blackface skits.

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How to Stage a Minstrel Show

By JEFF BRANEN and FREDERICK G. JOHNSON. This book is to every amateur minstrel director what blue-prints are to a builder. Explains modern styles of minstrels and novelty minstrels; how to put the show together; how to organize the troupe and conduct rehearsals; where to get material; the opening chorus; it discusses first-part, olio, afterpiece, costumes, make-up, scenery, music, publicity, program arrangement, etc. Eight full-page illustrations showing various first-part settings.

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Laughland, a Merry Minstrel Book

By HARRY L. NEWTON. Over a hundred pages of endmen's jokes, cross fire dialogues, conundrums, comic verse, rapid repartee, talking skits, minstrel monologues, and stump speeches. A veritable storehouse of burnt cork comedy, of great aid in getting up a funny entertainment of almost any description. Worth many times its cost to the director who is in search of stuff that has not been worked to death.

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